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A Birthday at Princeton.

It is a little more than ten years since Mr. CLEVELAND left the White House. Radicalism has bloomed !uxuriantly since then. The sober and constitutional Democracy to which he belonged seems palæolithic now. The forces of discontent, of turbulence, of restless innovation and conscious or unconscious charlatanism, which he opposed in his own party, have swallowed both parties. The Republican party, which joined with Democrats of the Cleveland school to defend conservatism and beat Bryanism in 1896, is now the vanguard of radicalism. In this swift theatrical shifting of policies and principles, in this continuous performance of melodrama, an oldfashioned character like Mr. CLEVELAND looks a little remote and unfamiliar.

As President Mr. CLEVELAND enforced the laws and did not truckle to organized violence or crouch before public clamor. The man who taught the Chicago labor lords that there was a Government at Washington, the man who wrote the Venezuela message, is sure of an honorable place in history and of the final approval of his countrymen.

Meanwhile Mr. CLEVELAND erriovs the general respect and confidence; and if he is seventy to-day the public congratulation will be hearty. We wish him plenty of years of health, good fortune and good fishing

The Naval Reorganization in the Pacific

The Navy Department has decided to call the squadrons of warships in commission on the Pacific coast and in Asiatic and Philippine waters the Pacific fleet and to give the command to Rear Admiral WILLARD H. BROWNSON about the end of March.

It is explained that the "reorganization" has been contemplated for some time, and that concern about the "Japanese situation" has nothing to do with it. This may well be, for our sea power in the Pacific will not be strengthened by the orders from Washington placing Admiral Brownson in command, although he is a capable officer. The ships are to keep their present stations, but the Admiral may assemble them for general drills and exercises.

No battleship now in commission is to be detached from the powerful Atlantic fleet for service with the Pacific fleet whose most formidable vessels are the four armored cruisers West Virginia. Colorado, Maryland and Pennsylvania, under Admiral Brownson's command on the Asiatic station at the present time. The Pacific squadron on the coast consists of the ancient protected cruisers Chicago and Boston, the modern protected cruisers Charleston and Milwaukee, two gunboats and two destroyers, and as a reenforcement of the squadrons in the Far East it would not loom large.

In an emergency Admiral Brownson would have to depend upon his four armored cruisers, which are of one type, 13,680 tons displacement, with a speed of twenty-two knots and main batteries of 8 inch and 6 inch guns-admirable ships of their class, but vastly inferior to battleships like the Connecticut and Louisiana of the Atlantic fleet with their main batteries of 12 inch and 8 inch guns. Let us hope there will be no emergency. All our first class battleships, including those not in commission, are on the Atlantic coast, and battleships now building, like the Kansas, Michigan and South Carolina, are in Eastern yards.

In a comparatively short time we shall have twenty-eight battleships ready to fly the flag, with two Dreadnoughts in prospect. Then, it may be supposed, there will be a more striking reorganization in Pacific waters than we now hear of from Washington. The strategic reasons for keeping our commissioned battleships on the Atlantic coast may be just as strong as they were before the admission of the German naval authorities that the Kiel Canal would have to be deepened to pass battleships of the displacement now approved by German experts themselves, but the policy of presenting such a formidable front to Europe will obviously lose impressiveness if Great Britain continues to neglect the West Indian station. The Jamaica earthquake in its consequences was a demonstration of British apathy, or amity, as you may look at it, in that quarter.

The Unholy Alliance. Not only the cotton mill men, but all persons interested in that industry and in Southern labor conditions generally, are still asking themselves why the Government attorneys in charge of the prosecution at Greensboro, North Carolina, ten days or so ago, made such an unnecessary exhibition of themselves as they did on that occasion. The charge against the mill men was one of violation of the alien contract labor laws, but Attorney-General BONAPARTE'S bright young men saw fit to lug in and endeavor to establish the entirely impertinent assumption that the alleged importation of contract labor was not only illegitimate but gratuitously so, there being no scarcity of skilled cotton mill labor at the time. The Government case was weak enough at best. The injection of this last issue simply covered it

with ridicule. The North Carolina newspapers are

have depended upon officials of the to Russia's proposal for exempting the National Textile Union to supply them merchant shipping of belligerents from with the needed information. Of course the prosecution was inspired originally by organized labor. One would think, however, that the Government had celebrated sufficiently its loyalty to the unions by launching the prosecutions at their instance; and surely the labor leaders might have stopped short of making their very obedient instruments a spectacle of mockery and derision. The Textile Manufacturers' Journal of New York has shown a dozen times or more within the past eighteen months that there is a dearth of textile labor, unskilled as well as skilled, not only in the South, but in New England as well. It has published the testimony of leading manufacturers of high responsibility to substantiate its allegations. And yet in spite of these notorious facts, the Government attorneys turn up at Greensboro, artiess and innocent as so many sucking calves, exploiting a fantasti cally absurd hypothesis and depending for its demonstration upon the easy testimony of three imported labor union witnesses! Village ingénues, in ribbons and pigtails, dancing around the may pole, may be as picturesque. Certainly they cannot be even approximately as pathetic

It is worth something to know that the Southern mill men will never be permitted to take liberties so long as union labor has the large ear of a sympathetic and submissive Government. In the long run the facts are always valuable. Even the most timid and invertebrate and elastic are better off for an exact understanding of their predicament. And that predicament, as we understand it in the light of these recent revelations, amounts to an affectionate alliance of the Government and union labor against capital and free industry.

Limitation of Armaments Improbable

There has been of late a good deal of discussion and negotiation as to whether the limitation of military and naval armaments ought to be considered in the coming conference at The Hague. The British Prime Minister, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, has come out boldly in favor of the project, but French public opinion seems, on the whole, arrayed against it, while Germany and Austria are trying to prevail on Russia to declare it inexpedient to introduce the subject, inasmuch as an agreement on it is impracticable.

It was in an article contributed to the first number of the new Liberal weekly, the Nation, that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN showed himself resolved not to be disconcerted or discouraged by the attitude of most of the Continental Powers. Replying to the Russian jurisconsult, Professor DE MARTENS, who, while recognizing that the United States and Great Britain are, of course, at liberty to propose a limitation of armaments, seems to think that such a proposal would be purely academic, in view of the position taken by Germany and Austria, the British Prime Minister points out that it was the Czar himself who raised the question at the first Hague conference, and that a course adopted with general approbation in 1898 can hardly be described to-day as "unnecessary, inopportune and mischievous." It would be, on the contrary, in Sir HENRY's judgment, intolerable if the idea of arbitration, which has now acquired "a practical potency and a moral authority undreamt of in 1898,' were to be regarded as having "no bearing on the scale and intensity of warlike preparations." Moreover, the British Government is giving proof of its sincerity by suspending the construction of a third battleship of the Dreadnought type, and in the reorganization scheme prepared by Mr. HALDANE, Secretary of State for War, which contemplates

the cutting down of the British standing

Unfortunately, the curtailment of

army by some forty thousand men.

Britain's military armament does not appeal to any Continental Power, with the possible exception of Russia, which might view with satisfaction a reduction of the Indian army. Since the adoption of the conscript system on the European mainland brought into existence vast masses of trained soldiers, any force that Britain would be likely to send across the Channel has been treated as a negligible quantity. The Continental Powers dread each other, not the Island Empire, so far as land operations are concerned. Neither can Germany be expected to be deeply impressed by the willingness of the British Government to renounce the building of a single battleship, in view of the fact that the British navy, as it stands, is practically able to cope with all the other naval forces of Europe combined. Under the circumstances many French newspapers, including stanch champions of the entente cordiale, like the Temps, look askance at the proposed reduction of armaments, for they know that owing to recent losses the French navy must be quickly and largely increased if it is not to be outstripped by that of Germany. They point out, also, that France could not accept the principle that standing armies should be proportioned to population, for their country's safeguard lies in maintaining, through its superior wealth, a military force out of proportion to the number of the inhabitants. Austria, as we have said, has likewise avowed her opposition to a discussion of the subject, and the only one of the great European Powers that is inclined to favor it is Italy, which is a relatively poor country and can ill sustain the burden of its present military and naval budgets, The Italian Government knows, too, that it could probably rely on being protected by a British fleet from an attack by sea, and that its partners in the Triple Alliance would fight its battles on land.

by the advocacy of a limitation of armaments at The Hague, even if the chief Continental Powers should reject the proposal. They will feel that they ought to make some compensatory concession to the cause of civilization and humanity, and may the more easily be prevailed upon signally to extend the field of arbitration and the functions of busily speculating on the fact that the Hague tribunal. Having done that the purpose of making Southern delegates Government attorneys, obviously much, they may call upon Great Britain

Something may be gained, however,

capture at sea. Acquiescence in such a rule of international law would of course lessen the injury which Great Britain might inflict upon an adversary, and for which her commerce destroying cruisers were designed; but, on the other hand, it would insure her against an interruption of her food supplies during a war in the course of which her opponents might be at least temporarily successful.

Mr. Roosevelt Rests Himself.

Though it can be traced to no authoritative source, there is a prevalent impression in high official circles at Washington to the effect that President ROOSEVELT will soon take up some problem of popular, not to say national importance and settle it once and for all time in the interest of the people's peace of mind. Those nearest the throne, and therefore best qualified to form an opinion, appear to think that the problem will not be political or sociological in its character, but rather of a sentimental or artistic turn. As though HERCULES, sated with victories over lions, mountains, giants, hobgoblins and the like, should take OMPHALE'S distaff and make of it a lyre. Not quite that of course, but something of a similarly tender and æsthetic nature.

It is a fact, indeed, that out of the speculation generated by this luxurious yet foundling rumor certain Gifted Ones with long and reverent memories have snatched an utterance attributed some months ago to Attorney-General Bona-PARTE, then Secretary of the Navy, and naturally for the time being the oracle of last resort with reference to official patriotic music. We do remember, indeed, that Mr. BONAPARTE was then quoted as saving that the air of "The Star Spangled Banner" made a lugubrious and doleful sound; that it was depressing and unsingable. There were further disparaging and contemptuous commentaries which at this late day we cannot trust ourselves to reproduce in their original grace of rhetoric. The general and, we may add, unmistakable purpose of the alleged oracle was to decorate "The Star Spangled Banner" with a particularly black eye, and, as it were, to wean it from the misguided affection and solicitude of the American people. Mr. BONAPARTE, assuming that he was accurately quoted, could have had no purpose other than that of deposing "The Star Spangled Banner" as our national anthem and reducing it to the schedule of common woodshed caterwauls.

Thus we have the delightful gossip already mentioned and are more or less justified in assuming that the President, departing from politics and statesmanship by way of recreation, is about to solve the long distressful conundrum of the proper national tune. It cannot be anything else, for he has already pronounced upon every question, social, political, scientific and religious, that has occupied the mind of an anxious and enlightened generation. Here lies the sole remaining problem yet involved in doubt. We may safely tell ourselves that there is no other

To what conclusion President Roose VELT may wind up at last we shall not undertake to say. Of his musical convictions we have no knowledge whatsoever. For all we know he may be a disciple of WAGNER or a slave of syncopated ragtime. He may prefer the "Kreutzer Sonata" to "Louisiana Loo." or vice versa. Possibly he finds in "La Paloma" or "Les Rameaux" a finer note than in the "Danse Macabre" or the "Ride of the Valkyries." For light on all these riddles we shall have to wait with such patience and self-restraint as may be practicable.

But it will amount to a tremendous and all embracing benefaction to have this carking question set at rest, and it is a joyous message or suggestion that the one Conclusive Arbiter has made up his mind to do the settling once for all.

The Night Court.

While the crippling of the professional bondsman's trade is the principal object of the proposed night police court, such an institution would serve other excellent purposes. Of the persons arrested charged with misdemeanor many are not found guilty and many are punished by fine only. When the courts close the police do not stop taking offenders into custody, however, and it frequently happens that an innocent man or a man guilty of a trivial offence is locked up overnight in a station house cell, to his great annoyance and injury. Were the courts constantly in session such cases would not occur.

Grave injustice is occasionally caused by the closing of police courts on Sundays at noon. Persons arrested after the hour of adjournment must be kept locked up until the following morning, a period sometimes covering eighteen hours. The hardship is increased by the bad sanitary conditions of the station house cells, many of which are unfit for the use to which they are put. If the courts were open, long detention would be unnecessary and much suffering would be prevented.

There is no reason why a man arrested at noon should be treated in one way and his fellow citizen arrested at 6 o'clock in the evening in another. A twenty-four hour court is required to meet the needs of the city, and its establishment should not be delayed.

I will criticise any man I please, at any time I please, in any way I please, and if anybody don't like it he can kiss my foot.—Senator TILIAMAN to the Richmond, Va., Young Men's Christian Association. The Hon, BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN is likely to become exceedingly tiresome on the lecture platform.

The Hon. CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS speaks words clearer than crystal:

"Capital which is properly employed will be properly protected, and that which is not so en-gaged must fall under the sharp condemnation of

the law." What capital is properly employed? What capital is not? Ask not of that cloud haloed head, but of this be sure: If it should be necessary to employ capital for see a truly good and proper candidate in

ignorant of labor conditions, should to attest her own sincerity by assenting the proper light, capital so employed will be employed properly; we might almost say, for educational and pious uses.

> Commissioner BINGHAM should take steps for the protection of policemen of high rank against impostors and confidence men. The poor innocents should not be exposed to the dangers of a great city. They are too young, too tender, too inexperienced, to be subjected to the wiles of designing, conscienceless men, who, unhappily, are found in every large community. There should be a Protector of Policemen to guard their interests and pocketbooks.

"CASEY AT THE BAT."

Vernal Rhapsody, With a Little Sense and a Fact or Two on the Side. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: A rout Snow's fled, fire's out; winter's dead, beyond doubt-well sped, surly lout! New birth -O young year!-for our earth; green mirth. ernal cheer-spring's here! Laugh, sing 'tis the season. Away with reason-spring

Has June a rarer day than the best we get, here in New York, in mid-March-"foretast of glory divine"? Are not the first soft rembling notes, when Nature "builds a bridge from dreamland for her lay," more delicious even than the swelling stream of melody when 'nearer draws the theme" of the year's growing glory; sweeter, because more intimate, than the grand chords of "the middle music

of the spring?
From Jersey, over the river, and Long Island, beyond the Bridge, have come the reports of the first melodious rhapsodies of the glad season's feathered harbingers. From distant fields echoes the crack of the willow on the swift projected horsehide sphere—and the spell of the green diamond is strong upon us. All these, however, are shadows cast before. The first day of spring is not a fixed, but a movable, anniversary. Astronomers define it by the entrance of the great luminary into All these, however, are shadows cast before. The first day of spring is not a fixed, but a movable, anniversary. Astronomers define it by the entrance of the great luminary into the sign of Aries, and declaim grandly of vernal equinoxes and summer solstices as terminal marks. A better and surer delimitation of the winter-spring boundary is—the appearance of "Casey at the Bat."

This immortal poem made its 1907 entry in TRE Sun recently. In view of the multitudinous attributions of authorship, it may be appropriate to dig up this story, which seems to offer a satisfactory and authentic clearing up of the mystery. In the last column of the editorial page of the Evening Sen for September 27, 1905, will be found these facts:

When De Wolf Hopper was playing "Castles in the Air," it happened that at a night performance the New York and Chicago teams were in the boxes—"Buck" Ewing and "Pop" Anson and their famous followers. Now, Archie Gunter had sent Hopper the poem, "Casey," and the actor quickly memorized it and sprang it on the audience, which included the league ball tossers, It made a great hit, and Hopper hunted up Gunter and asked the name of the man who wrote "Casey." The only information forthcoming was to the effect that the verses had been clipped from The only information forthcoming was to the flect that the verses had been clipped from San Francisco paper, and were initialled

a san Francisco paper, and were initialed E. L. T."

Hopper said, in the interview referred to above: "I tried four years to find the man. I made the lives of my friends a burden. The initials. E. L. T.," were every blessed thing I could discover. One night, nearly five years later, when I was playing 'Wang' at Worcester, I got a note asking me if I would come around to a club I knew and meet the author of 'Casey.' I went and was introduced to Ernest I. Thayer, a well to do manufacturer of Worcester. He had composed 'Casey' merely to kill time, and had had no idea until I reached Worcester that the poem had scored a huge success."

New York, March 16.

A Wise and Accomplished Cat.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I have ousin who had a cat that was 22 years old who It died in 1903. Many years ago it had a mate that one day was found in the house with a terrible wound an Inch wide on the under side of its body extending from between its forelegs the entire length o its body.

My cousin's wife saw the cat's condition and ou her hand upon it, saying, "Poor kitty." Instantly the poor thing clasped her hand between her paws and pressed it close to her body. She called he husband, and when he came he saw it was so badly burt that he thought best to kill it and told his wife he would take care of it. They both left for a few moments, and when he returned for it had disappeared and he could not find it.

About two weeks after this he was looking about in his garden, and among his beet beds found the wounded cat in a depression in the earth made i the shade of the leaves, and thickly strewn about were the bones of rats, mice, squirrels and the feathers of birds.

A little watching soon showed him that his old cat was nursing and providing for the sick one They took the suffering cat to the house and made a comfortable place for it, and the old cat continued to care for it until it was well again.

Naturally they think some cats know a good deal, and surely this one is entitled to a good deal of respect and attention, and has it, for its old age was made as comfortable as seldom falls to of the most favored cats. J. H. BULLARD.

SPRINGPIELD, Mass., March 18.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I have spen much time, taxed my brains and felt generally uncomfortable because I could not find any work on grammar from which I could obtain the present day rule or rules-which have been gradually ndergoing changes-for the proper use of the

verbs "may" and "might." The grammars tell us that "may" is the present of the potential mood and "might"

Yet we use "might" as follows: "Next week I Contingent futurity of a verb in the potential mood, a mood that has no future tense! The vert "may" is often used in this tense.

This is only one of the incongruities in the use of these verbs that I have noticed, each one shaking my faith in the supposed correct rules of English grammar, which no oue seems to know a great I am sure that more than one reader of THE SUN

would be glad to learn more about this sub MACTAGUE.

The Nuisance of Young Toughs TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Last evening

out 8:15 o'clock, while on Eighth avenue between Thirty-ninth and Fortleth streets, on my way to the tailor's, a crowd of boys, appearing to be from 10 to 15, surrounded and struck me several blows without cause, damaging both my overcoa and hat. Knowing the law was out of my hand, I picked up my broken hat and walked off seeking a policeman, but failed to find one within two blocks sioner to dishand this gang of urchins that parades the streets and avenues night after night to assault, batter and bruise the feelings of law abiding citizens and foreigners. THOMAS B. EDWARDS NEW YORK, March 16.

German Exports to the United States According to the declared value of exports to the ented States from the thirty-two German Consular districts, the following is shown:

152,832,455 The increase for 1906 over 1905 was 21.2 per cent., and the increase for 1906 over 1904 was 37.4 per cent All the thirty two districts show increases except Welmar, Elbenstock and kehl. Those three show small decreases. The largest increase was at Stet tin, \$3,303,421; followed by Magdeburg, \$3,214,487; Berlin, \$2,886,226; Chemnitz, \$2,482,120; and Ham-

The Republic Is Safe. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: People like your correspondent "Suburbanite" constantly for-get that this is a republic. They do not want selfrespecting help about them, but obsequious slave Tis always the way with your newly rich. They

burg, \$2,239,437.

forget the time-but never mind. Suffice it to say that this will continue to be epublic, St. Patrick's day will continue to be celebrated, and those who do not like it have it in their power to emigrate to the Orient.

In the Cold Gray Dawn TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Some in quistive correspondent demands the name of the man who invented the cocktail. What's the use? KATZ N. YAMMER Curse him, anyway!

> among the goats, let us turn to consumptive genius in particular. Merry Failures. From the New Orleans Times-Den Be a failure if you must, Let ambition go to rust, Hold that fame's a fooliah prude Eat of husks for want of food; But remember this, my son, Do not be a dismal one!

Be a merry failure: Let Troubles only mirth beget. Take the edge from fortune's With the magic of a song. Folks will say, observing you. "Wish I were a failure too!"

A NEW STUDY OF WATTEAU.

New biographical details concerning Jean Antoine Watteau (1684-1721) may never be forthcoming, though theories of his enigmatic personelity and fascinating art will always find exponents. Our knowledge of Watteau is confined to a few authorities: the notes in d'Argenville's "Abrégé de la Vie des Plus Fameux Peintres"; "Catalogue Raisonné," by Gersaint; Julienne's introduction to the Life of Watteau by Count de Caylus-discovered by the Goncourts and published in their brilliant study of eighteenth century art. Since then have appeared monographs, études and articl by Cellier, Mollet, Hanover, Dohme, Muntz, Séailles, Claude Phillips, Charles Blanc, Virgile Joez, F. Staley, Téodor de Wyzewa and Camille Mauclair. M. Mauclair is the latest and one of the most interesting commentators, his principal contribution being "De Watteau & Whistler," a chapter of which has been afterward expanded into a compact little study entitled "Watteau" and translated from the French text by Mme. Simon Bussy, the wife of that intimate painter of twilight and poetic reverie Simon Bussy, to whom the book is dedicated.

It is the thesis put forth and cleverly maintained by Mauclair that interests us, more than his succinct notation of the painter's life. It is not so novel as it is just and moderate in its application. The pathologic theory of genius has been overworked. In literature nowadays psychiatrists" rush in where critics fear to tread Mahomet was an epilept; so was Napoleon. Flaubert died of epilepsy, said his friends nevertheless, René Dumesnil has proved that his sudden decease was caused not by apoplexy but by hystero-neurasthenia. Eye strain played hob with the happiness of Carlyle, and that apostle of sweetness and light declared that Ibsen was a "de generate"-Ibsen, who led the humdrum exterior life of a healthy bourgeois. Nordau's master has demonstrated-to his own satisfaction-that Dante's mystic illumination was due to some brand of mental disorder. In fact, this pair of self-styled psychologists mapped anew the topography of the human spirit. No one has escaped their fine tooth comb criticism except mediocrity. Painters, poets, patriots, musicians, scientists, philosophers, novelists, statesmen, dramatists, all who ever participated in the Seven Arts were damned as lunatics, decadents, criminals and fools. It was a convenient inferno in which to dump the men who succeeded in the field wherein you were a failure. This was Nordau's case, whose third rate plays and novels are attempts at a genre he most abused in Ibsen and Tolstoy. The height of the paradox was achieved when a silly nomenclature was devised to meet every vacillation of the human temperament. If you feared to cross the street you suffered from agoraphobia; if you didn't fear to cross the street, that too was a very bad sign. If you painted like Monet, paralysis of the optical centre had set in-but why continue? We hear that Nordau has just published a book on modern painting, so

let us await its arrival. Sufficient unto the day the thwacking thereof. It is a pity that this theory of genius has een so thoroughly discredited, for it is a field which promises many harvestings; there is mad genius as there are stupid folk. Besides, normality doesn't mean the commonplace. A normal man is a superior man. The degenerate man is the fellow of low instincts, rickety health and a drunkard. criminal or idiot. The comical part of the Nordau craze which was short lived, yet finds adherents among the half-baked in culture and the ignorant-is that he deliberately twisted the truth, making men of fine brain and high strung temperament seem crazy or deprayed, when the reverse is usually the case. Since the advent of Lombroso and Nordau "brainstorms" are the possession of the privileged. Naturally your grocer, tailor or politician may display many of the above sympto

All this to assure you that when Camille

Mauclair assumes that the malady from

which Antoine Watteau died was also a

determining factor in his art, the French

but no one studies them. They are not "geniuses.

critic is not aping some modern men of science who denounce the writings of Dostolevsky because he suffered from epileptic fits. But there is a happy mean in this effort to correlate mind and body. If we are what we think or what we eat-and it is not necessary to subscribe to such a belief-then the sickness of the body is reflected in the soul, or vice versa. Byron was a healthy man naturally, when he didn't dissipate, and Byron's poems are They imitated him as to externals; the spirit full of magnificent energy, though seldom in the key of optimism. The revolt, the passion, the scorn, were they all the result of his health? Or of his liver? Or of his soul? Goethe, the imperial, the myriadminded Goethe, the apostle of culture, the model European man of the nineteenth century-what of him? Serenity he is said to have attained, yet from the summit of eighty years he confessed to four weeks of happiness in a long lifetime. Nor was he with all his superb manhood free from neurotic disorders, neurotic or erotic. Shelley? Ah! he is a pronounced case for the specialists. Any man who could eat dry bread, drink water and write such angelic poetry must have been quite mad. Admitted. Would there were more Shelleys. Browning is a fair specimen of genius and normality; as his wife illustrated an unstable nervous temperament allied to genius. George Borrow was a rover, a difficult man to keep as a friend, happy only when thinking of the gypsies and quarrel ling when with them. Poe? Poor Poe! By friend and foe alike misrepresented, a man who couldn't drink to excess, for so intoxicated was he with his own superabundant genius that a glass of brandy set him mad. Yet would Poe have been Poe without alcohol or drugs? Cruel question of the dilettante for whom the world, all its splendor, all its art, is but a spectacle. Would Baudelaire's magic verse and prose sound its faint, acrid, sinister music if the French poet (and alter ego of Poe) had led a sensible life? It is needless to continue, the list is too large; too large and too contradictory. "The Variations of Genius" would be as profound and as vast a book as Lord Acton's projected "History of Human Thought." The truth is that genius is the sacrificial goat of humanity. By some inexplicable transposition genius bears the burdens of mankind; afflicted by the burden of the flesh intensified many times, burdened with the affliction of the spirit, raised to a pitch abnormal, the unhappy man of genius is stoned because he staggers beneath the load of his sensitive temperament or wavers from the straight and narrow path usually blocked by bores too thick headed and too obese to realize the

Watteau was a consumptive, he died of the disease. A consumptive genius! It is a hard saying. People of average health whose pulse beat is normal in tempo luckily never realize the febrile velocity with which flows the blood in the veins of a sick man of genius. But there is a paradox in the case of Watteau, as there was in the case of Chopin, of Keats, of Robert Louis Stevenson. The painter of Valenciennes gave

flower fringed abysses on either side of the

little sign of his malady on his joyous lyrical canvases. Keats sang of faëry landscapes; and Chopin's was a virile spirit; the most cheerful writer under the sun was Stevenson, who even in his "Pulvis et Umbra" conjured up images of hope after the most pitiless arraignment of the universe and man. And this is the paradox. This quartet of genius suffered from and were slain by consumption. (Stevenson died directly of brain congestion; he was, however, a victim to lung trouble.) That the poets turn their sorrow into song is an axiom. Yet these men met death, or what is worse, met life, with deflance or impassible fronts, as did the Axel of Villiers de l'Isle Adam: "A chacun son infini! As for living, our servants will do that for us," or "O Death! those who are about to live salute thee!" And the world which loves the lilting rhythms of Chopin's mazourkas seldom cares to peep behind the screen of notes for the anguish ambushed there. Watteau has painted the gayest scenes of pastoral elegance in a land out of time, a No-Man's Land of blue skies, beautiful women, gallant men and lovely landscapes,

while his life was haunted by thoughts of

The riddle is solved by Mauclair: These flights into the azure, these evocations of a country west of the sun and east of the moon, these graceful creatures of Watteau. the rich brocade of Chopin's harmonies, the exquisite pictures of Keats, the youthful joy in far away countries of Stevenson, all, all are so many stigmata of their terrible affliction. They sought by the magic of their art to create a realm of enchantment, realm wherein their ailing bodies and wounded spirits might find peace and solace. This is the secret of Watteau, says Mauclair, which was not yielded up in the eighteenth century, not even to his followers, Pater, Lancret, Boucher, Fragonard, whose pagan gayety and artificial spirit is far removed from the veiled melancholy of Watteau. As we see Chopin, a slender man, morbid, sickly, strike the martial chord in an unparalleled manner, Chopin the timid, the composer of the Heroio Polonaise, so Watteau, morbid, sickly, timid, slender, composes that masterpiece of delicate and decorative joyousness, "The Embarkment for Cythera," which hangs in the Louvre (a gorgeous sketch, the final version is at Potsdam in the collection of the German Emperor). In these works we find the aura of consumption. None of Watteau's contemporaries fath-

omed the meaning of his art; not Count de

Caylus, not his successors, who all recog-

nized the masterly draughtsman, the marvellous colorist, the composer of pastoral ballets, of matchless fêtes galantes, of conversations, of miniatures depicting camp life and fanciful decorations in the true style of his times. But the melancholy poet that was in the man, his lyric pessimism and his unassuaged thirst for the infinitethese things they did not see. Caylus, who has left the only data of value, speaks of Watteau's hatred of life, his aversion at times from the human face, his restlessness that caused him to seek new abodes-Chopin was always dissatisfied with his lodgings and always changing them. The painter made friends in plenty, only to break with them because of some fancied slight. Chopin was of umbrageous nature. Liszt tells us. Watteau never married and never, as far as is known, had a love affair. He is an inspired painter of women. (Perhaps because of his celibacy.) He loved to depict them in delicious poses, under waving trees in romantic parks or in the nude. A gallant artist, he was not a gallant man. He had the genius of friendship, but not the talent for insuring its continuity. Like Arthur Rimbaud, he suffered from the nostalgia of the open road. He disappeared fre-His whereabouts was a mystery quently. to his friends. He did not care for money or for honors. He was elected without volition on his part as a member of the Academy. Yet he did not use this nowe lever to further his welfare. Silent, a man of continent speech, he never convinced his friends that his art was chaste. Yet he numerous active and extinct volcanoes of the never painted an indelicate stroke. His personages, all disillusionized, vaguely suffer, make love without desire-disillus. ioned souls all. "L'Indifférant," that young man in the Louvre who treads the earth with such light disdain, with such an airy expression of sweetness and ennui, that picture. Mauclair remarks, is the soul of Watteau. He might have added that it also tells the secret of his soul so carefully

concealed during the painter's lifetime. Mauclair does not like the coupling of Watteau's name with those of Boucher, Pater, Lancret, De Troy, Coypel or Vanloo. of him they could not ensnare. If Watteau stemmed artistically from Rubens, from Ruysdael, from Titian (or Tiepolo, as Kenyon Cox acutely hints) he is the father of a great school, the true French school, though his stock is Flemish. Turner knew him; so did Bonington. Delacroix understood him. So did Chardin, himself a solitary in his century. Without Watteau's initiative, Monticelli might not be the Monticelli we know, while Claude Monet, Manet, Renoir, are the genuine flowering of his ex-

periments in the division of tones and the composition of luminous skies Mauclair smiles at Caylus for speaking of Watteau's mannerisms, the mannerisms that proclaim his originality. Only your academic, colorless painter lacks personal style and always paints like somebody he is not. Watteau's art is peculiarly personal. Its peculiarity-apart from its brilliancy and vivacity-is, as Mauclair remarks, "the contrast of cheerful color and morbid expression." Morbidezza is the precise phrase; morbidezza may be found in Chopin's art, in the very feverish moments when he seems brimming over with high spirits Watteau was not a consumptive of the Pole's type He did not alternate between ecstasy and languor. He was cold, self-contained, suspicious, and inveterately hid the state of his health. He might have been cured, but he never reached Italy, and that far off dream and his longing to realize it may have been the basis of his last manner-those excursions into a gorgeous dreamland. He yearned for an impossible region. His visions on canvas are the shadowy sketches of this secret desire that burned him up. It may have been consumption-and Mauclair makes out a strong case-and it may have been the expression of a curiously rare poetic temperament. Watteau was a poet as well as a painter, a poet of excessive sensibility as well as the contriver of dainty tinted masques and ballets. In literature one man at least has under

stood him, Walter Pater. Readers of his "Imaginary Portraits" need not be reminded of "A Prince of Court Painters," that imaginative reconstruction of an almost obscure personality. "His words as he spoke of them [the paintings of Rubens] seemed full road. And having sent genius in general of a kind of rich sunset with some moving glory within it." This was the Watteau who is summed by Pater (a distant kinsman, perhaps, of the Pater Watteau tutored) as a man who had been "a slok man all his life. He was always a seeker after something in the world, that is there in no antistying managers or not at all." (Compiles satisfying measure, or not at all." Camille Mauclair eloquently ends his study with Mauciair coordinate the mere uncordinate the confession that the mere uncordinate in men's watteau's name "suffices to cycke in men's Watteau's name "suffices to cycke in men's watteau's amount of asure and ends his study with minds a memory of the melanoholy that was his, arrayed in garments of asure and rose. Ahl crepuscular Psyche, whose smile is akin to tears!"

MODERN PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Comprehensive Denunciation of Their

To the Editor of The Sun-Sir: It was pretty strong indictment of the public thools presented by "N. M. S." in THE SUN of March 10. It is evident that he has given careful thought to this important subject, and his conclusions quite agree with my own Compared with the expenditures for so-called education in this city and State the results are very meagre if we measure our schools and the work they are doing by the number of men and women they turn out who are well grounded in all the requirements of a useful life.

The courses of study prescribed-the inflexible rules governing the system, the merciless and killing examinations required, the practice of "cramming" and pushing pupils. regardless of environment, taste or capacity. are producing a crop of people with no individuality, no originality, no adaptability to circumstances, no judgment as to their fitness for work or profession; drifting down stream almiessly, purposeless, ambitionless. What real good has all their "education" accomplished? No thought anywhere along the way has been given to their likes or dislikes. their choice of a profession, and all the Greek and Latin and higher mathematics will be knocked out of them in the final effort to make a living, which education overlooks.

An English writer has said that the theory of modern education seems to be to drive out of the human being all intellectual strength, all individuality, and in the place where the mind ought to be to create a vacuum, and then fill that vacuum with facts and figures, to be carried along a while and then dumped the rubbish pile of forgetfulness.

The people are peacefully going to sleep the delusion that large expenditures for "education" are all that are necessary for the proper training of our future citizens. The fault is very largely in the system. which few people understand or care to investigate, but must be shared by fathers and mothers who pay the taxes, send the children to school, and feel that they have done their full duty.

I feel sometimes that it would be better If our schools would confine themselves to teaching the boys how to saw and hammer,

and the girls to cook. Let us hope for the day to return when it will be considered an accomplishment worth striving for to have our boys and girls able to read, write, spell and speak correctly, with general knowledge of history and geog-There will be fewer breakdowns among our daughters when this time comes and more happiness and contentment all around.

NEW YORK, March 16.

Minerals in the Philippines.

In the annual report for 1906 of the Philippine Bureau of Science the director, Dr. Paul C. Freer, says that coal areas exist in Luzon, Batan, Politic loro, Masbate, Negros, Cebu, and Mindanao. The present price of Japanese coal is very high in Manila, 11.38 pesos a short ton. The lack of a cheap and good quality of coal is one of the greatest obstacles to industrial development in the Philippines. Analysis of the coal found ta the Carmen-Compostela region has been fairly satisfactory. The Philippine deposits are generally of high grade.

On the subject of coal in the islands the first Official Gazetteer, published about five years ago, said: "Philippine coal is of the tertiary age, and a highly carbonized lignite, analogous to Japanese and Washington coal, but not to the Welsh or Penn sylvania coals. Philippine coal might supplant English or Australian coal for most purposes. The seams found vary from two feet six inches to four teen feet eight inches in thickness.

Petroleum exists near Toledo on Cebu Island, and n Tayabas, but has not been developed. The aspestos deposits lying in Ilocos Norte, along the flanks of the central mountain range, and extending almost due north and south for a distance of approximately thirty mlies, constitute a minera

deposit of much importance. This deposit was

known to the Spanlards before American occupa tion, but they did nothing to develop it. The Philippines possess deposits of copper ere in many localities, assays of which show more than 16 per cent. of copper. As the world's consumption is increasing fast and the price of copper is contin-ually advancing, it can almost be counted as a

precious metal Gold is found in many localities. A rich strike was reported three years ago in the province of Camerines. Silver, iron, copper and lead are also known to exist in Camerines. In some districts natives have panned gold in paying quantities

Iron is abundant in Luzon, Panay and Cebu The finest deposits yet revealed are in Bulacan Luzon. Deposits of sulphur abound about the best Chinese and Japanese kaolins, natural gas gypsum, lithographic stone, marbles of the best pearls, salt are also found in the Philippines

Delights of the Table in Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The con tributors to the discussion on restaurants, with the exception of "S. T. C.," have furnished no information to vindicate their statements as to quality of foods. "Millionaire" and "S. T. C." appear to enjoy good cheer and good digestion explores a Greek dictionary to verify the appearance of wisdom, but writes nothing to indicate whether he knows corned beef hash from hore

French chefs are good mixers from force of necessity, but know less about delicious cuts of fresh meats, which are indispensable to good livers. who want nature's products and not artificial concoctions of unknown ingredients. "S. T. C." I right. Chicago restaurants excel in steaks, chops roasts, game and brook trout fresh from nature instead of cold storage. Jersey milk, cow butter, prunes and real cider are also not only on the menu out on the plates. One real quall on toast is worth wo on the menu.

Chicago is in the ple belt, where numpking and oles grow near the suburbs on land valued at \$10,000 an acre, which furnishes a rich flavor. The lake front ozone and good food account for Chi cago's push and enthusiasm. For twenty years I have dined and supped in good restaurants o cities and resorts everywhere and have outgrown

any pleasure once found in much wine, absinthe and chartreuse, yellow or green. Preserve your youth and good cheer, gentlemen, by temperance in all things. "Eat, drink and be merry," but that is different from eat, drink and be billous. CHICAGO, March 15. R. E. I. Before Missouri Was the "Show Me" State. From the Kansas City Star. "Did you know that Missouri was at one time

called the 'Iron State' ?" asked a man at the public library yesterday afternoon. "About 1325 what were supposed to be great copesits of iron ore were found at Iron Mountain, not Point and other places in the southwestern part of the State. This information soon spread over the country, and it was not long after that the public gave Missouri the name of the 'Iron State,' However, it did not

seem to take, for it is seldom heard now. "Missouri has also been known as the Fullion State. Thomas H. Benton, the first United States Senator from Missouri, was always opposed to paper money. He advocated gold and silver as the mly means of exchange that should be adopted. His frequent reference to bullion caught the public. and from this the State received the nickname

The War Governor of Kansas,

From the Washington Herald.
Ransan's famous war Governor, Samuel Craword, lives most of the time in this city. Gov. Crawford was one of the youngest but most energetic and farsighted of that class of Executives at the North who during the civil war raised and equipped the troops called for by Mr. Lincoln to put down the rebellion. He does not look more than 60, though his age is considerably beyond that point, and he is as active in the practice of law as any man half his years. His acquaintance with the public men of the day is broad and intimate, and enjoys life at the Capitol with a zest betokening his satisfaction with and unabated interest in the affairs of the nation. He was a fighting war Governor, and not one of them made a finer record than he.

Unfrequented. Enloker-The straight and narrow road is hard o travel on.

Booker--Well, it lan't so crowded that you have to hang on strape.

Knicker-This was called a rich man's panic betuse there were no failures Bocker-Then is marriage a poor man's panie

Knicker What do you concelve to be the greatest locker—A brainstorm at sec.